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## OUTSIDE CAMP GLORY

BY MARY T. EARLE

*With original illustrations by Jane Ames.*



Up where the creek was clear and sunny, Nannette looked at the water and was tempted.

The camp was deserted save by the man who did not like camp-life, and the girl who had brought things to decorate from nature. The man strolled aimlessly about and tried to be useful, and realized that he ought not to have come. The girl painted languidly. Once in a while the man strolled over to her and asked her how she was getting on. They found it rather dull.

Up where the creek was clear and sunny, Nannette bared her feet and walked meditatively into the water.

Her coming alarmed the little fish that were lazily sunning themselves among the pebbles, and they darted off like light from a mirror. Nannette followed them stealthily and surprised them again when they thought they were safe, and laughed as they gleamed away from her. She was so happy that only a selfish man would have disturbed her.

"But then," said a voice from the bank, "I have always acknowledged myself to be a selfish man."

"Of course you are," said Nannette, and then she saw another shoal of fish and went after it.

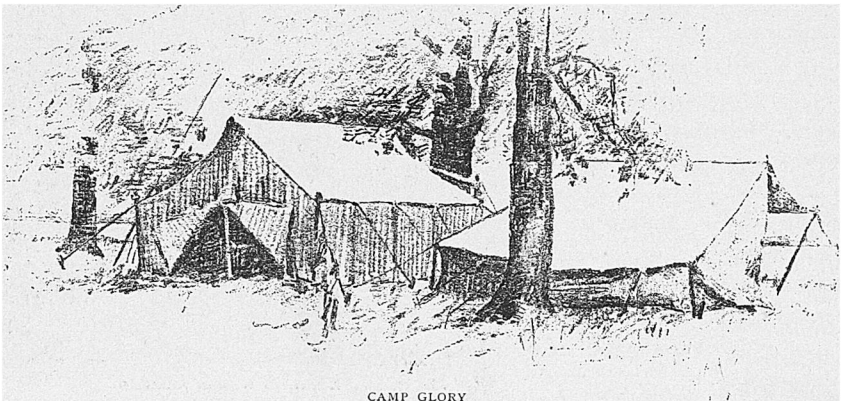
"It isn't fair to run away from a selfish man," said the voice, "you know I'm too lazy to follow."

"I'm not running away," said Nannette, "I'm in pursuit. But if you wait very patiently——"

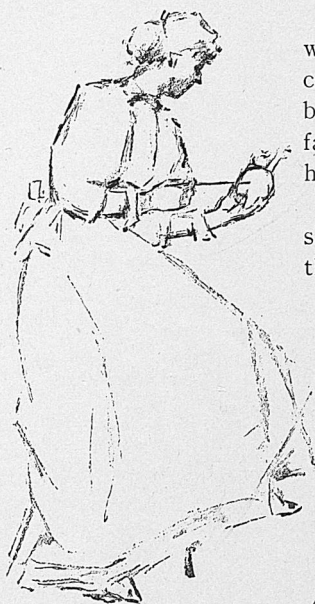
"I'll not see you again," said the voice.



"TRYING TO BE USEFUL"



CAMP GLORY



"THE GIRL PAINTED  
LANGUIDLY"

ing about," said the beg-  
dead man up the bank.  
know about him so as  
to walk the other way."

Nannette felt her  
eyes grow strange.  
"Are you crazy, or have  
you murdered some-  
body?" she asked,  
gently.

"O Lord, miss!"  
cried the beggar, and  
dropping his crutches,  
rushed into the woods.

Nannette, the child,  
drew a deep breath and flew along the path. Her  
feet were very swift, yet something overtook her  
by the way. It was Nannette, the woman, who  
knelt beside a man she loved, and kissed the  
white mask of his face.

Life wakened in his eyes.

"This — came — faster — than — you," he  
breathed. "I—did not — mean — to be — so —  
selfish——"

"I love you," she murmured to him, but he  
could not hear.

"It is a pleasure," said Nannette, "to find a person  
who can understand me. To pay you for that I am  
coming back, only—" she glanced down regretfully at her  
bare, eager feet—"only I must chase these fishes a little  
farther." And she chased the fishes back to where she  
had left her shoes and stockings.

"It is a great bore," she said, as she finished tying her  
shoes, "to have to make an elaborate toilet like this when  
the fishes liked me so well as I was."

—How long the prelude is, how short the story!

There was a little crackling of dry twigs. "That  
is surprising,—he is coming to me," said Nannette,  
and looked very attentively at her shoes.

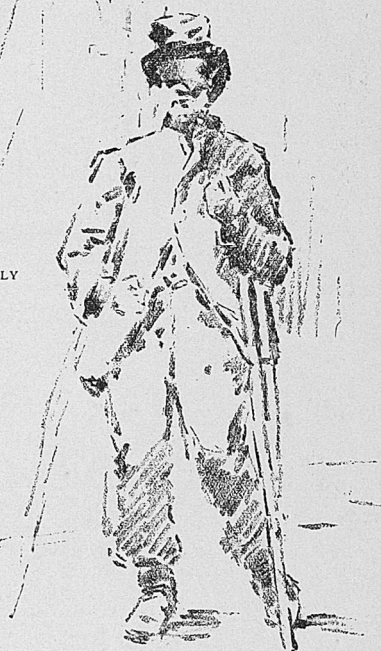
Then a new voice said, "Excuse me, miss," and  
Nannette sprang to her feet and faced the crippled  
beggar who had found out the camp. He  
looked as if he did not know what to say.

"Dinner will soon be over down  
at the tents," she said. "The man  
who doesn't look happy will give  
you some."

"It isn't dinner I'm think-  
gar, nervously. "It's the  
I thought you'd like to



"NANNETTE WALKED MEDITATIVELY  
INTO THE WATER"



THE CRIPPLED BEGGAR

"I love you," she kept repeating softly, and then a feeling that some one was looking on her with compassion made her lift her face. It was Death that she saw beside her.

"I am a friend," he said, stooping to lay his hand on the man's forehead, but she struck the hand away.

"Child!" he said, and his voice was so full of reproachful pity that Nannette began to weep.

"I love him," she kept repeating through her tears.

"But I have known him so much longer than you have," Death said. "We have met in strange and distant places, and often he has asked to go with me, but always we have had to part, although we are such friends. Do you think"—the voice of Death trembled—"do you think it would be kind to part us now?"

Nannette scarcely seemed to hear the words.

Death bent tenderly toward her and then drew back with a look of bitterest pain.

"It is so hard," he pleaded; "you do not know how hard it is to be misunderstood. It would seem so sweet to be thought kind for once. You think I make you suffer, but I—it is so long I do not know when my heart had not begun to ache. Oh, child, you are so young, you have so much joy—be kind to me."

"I love him," she sobbed.

"Ah well," sighed Death, and as a father might once kiss his son, he bent and kissed him solemnly.

"THE LOITERERS CAME IN SLOWLY"

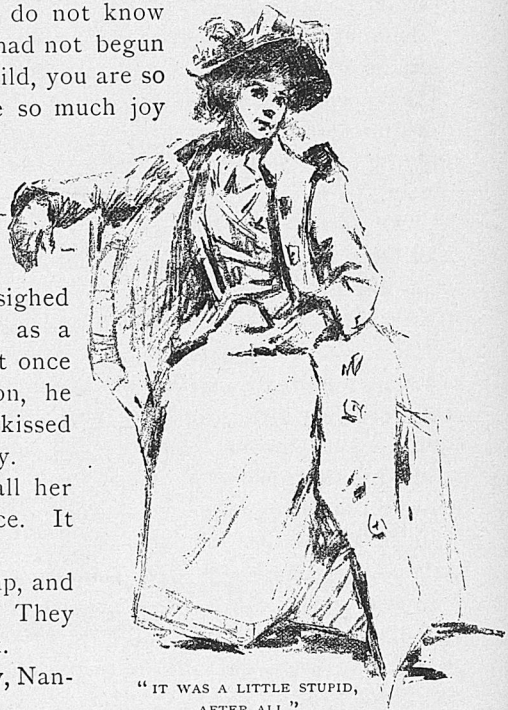
Nannette leaned down. A light that all her love had failed to summon crossed his face. It vanished, and she found herself alone.

The loiterers came in slowly to the camp, and said they must be getting back to life. They wondered why Nannette did not come back.

Up where the creek was clear and sunny, Nannette looked at the water and was tempted.



"THEY MUST BE GETTING BACK TO LIFE"



"IT WAS A LITTLE STUPID, AFTER ALL"